THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE Third Annual Movable Conference of the Dickens Fellowship, which is to be held at Sheffield on 3rd October, will take place at the Royal Victoria Station Hotel at 2.30. The President of the Conference will be Mr. G. W. Parker, Chairman of the Council of the local Branch. London will be represented by the following delegates:—Messrs. H. Snowden Ward (Chairman of the Council), Walter Dexter (Vice-chairman), J. W. T. Ley (Hon. General Secretary), B. W. Matz, Sidney Marriott, Wm. Miller, E. P. Haslam, Frank Speaight, E. H. Tomlin, and Mrs. E. H. Tomlin, whilst Branches will be represented by about sixty delegates. Members of the Fellowship will be welcomed at the Conference, but will not, of course, be allowed to take any part in the business.

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In the evening, at 7 o'clock, a Dickens Fellowship Dinner will be held at the same hotel. The President of the Branch, Ald. Sir Wm. E. Clegg, J.P., will preside. Among those who have promised to be present are the Master Cutler, Col. Sir John E. Bingham, Bart., Councillor John Derry, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (Past-President of the Dickens Fellowship), Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. J. Cuming Walters (Editor of *The Manchester City News*), Mr. Bransby Williams, Mr. Frank Speaight, Mr. B. W. Matz, Mr. John Harwood, and many others. Tickets, price 3s. 6d. each, may be obtained from Mr. Thos. W. Padmore, 192, Shirebrook Road, Heeley, Sheffield.

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The meetings in connection with the Headquarters of the Fellowship will commence at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, on November 4th, with a lantern lecture by Mr. H. Snowden Ward, "Scenes of Charles Dickens's Life and Works," at 8 o'clock. On December 2nd a bazaar in conjunction with the Charitable and Needlework Guild will take the place of the usual meeting. We appeal to members and friends to make this a huge success. This can be done by offers of assistance in the shape of gifts, money, or work at the stalls. Any member willing to take entire charge and control of a stall should communicate at once with the Hon. Secretary.

The sixth annual report of the Fellowship for the year ended August 31st last will be issued before the end of the present month as a separate pamphlet. Every member will receive a copy gratis, but extra copies may be obtained from the Hon. Gen. Sec., price 1d. each. We may state that the membership has increased by 940 during the year.

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We understand that the catalogue of the National Dickens Library, upon which Mr. J. W. T. Ley has been at work for some time, with the assistance of Mr. W. Miller, is now practically complete, and that as soon as the collection of Dickensiana can be suitably arranged it will be accessible to the public. It is to be sincerely hoped that the Guildhall authorities will consider it advisable to print the catalogue, for it will surely be invaluable to all Dickens collectors. Already an interesting addition has been made to the collection since its inauguration, by Mr. Henry J. Glaisher, the well-known bookseller, in the form of a collection of newspaper cuttings relating to the death of the novelist, together with a copy of the sale catalogue of the pictures and works of art he owned.

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During the month Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish "Scenes and Characters from the Works of Dickens." This may be described as "The Dickens Picture-book," for it will give for the first time in one volume all the 866 illustrations engraved for the famous "Household Edition," from drawings by F. Barnard, Charles Green, J. Mahony, H. French, A. B. Frost, and others. As only a small selection of these pictures have been used in any other edition than that for which they were drawn, the volume will be practically new to present-day readers. The majority of the illustrations are by that ideal Dickens artist, Fred Barnard, and for that reason alone the book should be greatly appreciated and valued.

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We stated last month that Mr. Teignmouth Shore was engaged upon a work dealing with the friendships of Dickens. Messrs. Sisley's, Ltd., now announce that the book, which is to be entitled "Charles Dickens and his Friends," is nearly ready. It will be issued in monthly parts, price 6d. each, thus placing it at once within the easy reach of all Dickensians. The first part will be ready on the 20th of this month. There will be numerous illustrations. Mr. Shore has had a well-nigh ideal subject—certainly an inexhaustible one—and the book will be awaited with much interest.

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Another book which will be issued during the autumn is the new Dickens Dictionary, upon which Mr. Alex. J. Philip, of Gravesend, has been at work for some time. It is to be a most exhaustive work, giving references to places, characters, subjects, incidents in all Dickens's writings, including the *Miscellaneous Papers;* originals of characters and towns where known, and a vast amount

of information all arranged in alphabetical order, with numerous cross references. Messrs. Routledge will publish it.

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The last volume of Dickens's works to go out of copyright was *Our Mutual Friend*, which has now been added to Messrs. Macmillan's three-and-sixpenny edition, with an introduction, biographical and bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the younger.

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A leading article on Dickens, inspired by the Dickens Exhibition in London, in the *Petit Parisien*, concludes as follows: "Paris, where he often came, and once lived for two years; Paris, concerning which he wrote so much; Paris, where he composed his novel *Dombey;* Paris, where his pieces were acted; does it not owe him a souvenir? It would be but a small matter to place an inscription on one of the houses in which he lived, either in the Champs Elysées, or at 48, Rue de Courcelles, where he made his longest stay. And it would be a timely and graceful act of *entente cordiale.*" We understand that this suggestion is likely to be carried out at no distant date.

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The following story has been recalled by the death of Sir Randal Cremer. In 1895, when Mr. Lowles defeated Mr. Cremer (as he then was) in the Haggerston Division, Mr. Cremer petitioned. Among the counsel engaged was Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C. Mr. Lowles was, among other things, the proprietor of a City tailor's business carried on under the name of Dombey and Son. Mr. Dickens, in his opening, mentioned this fact. "Dombey and Son, Dombey and Son," repeated one of the Judges, "the name seems familiar, Mr. Dickens." "Yes," said the imperturbable counsel, with just the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "Yes, my lud, it's the name of a firm of tailors in the City, m'lud." Something took place immediately afterwards which compelled the usher to command "silence in court."

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We have received from one or two Branch secretaries programmes of meetings for the coming season, and we trust other secretaries will follow the example. May we also suggest that Branch secretaries should make a point of exchanging programmes with each other? It would stimulate interest, and no doubt furnish hints for future seasons.

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Mr. G. Nix Webber is giving a series of dramatic recitals from Dickens at the Hampstead Conservatoire on October 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th. His programme will comprise *A Christmas Carol*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, a selection from *David Copperfield*, and miscellaneous pieces from *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Oliver Twist*, *Pickwick Papers*, and others.

THE EDITOR.

"THE BOOT" TAVERN

MANY references have been made in the daily papers during the month to the effect that a Boot Inn exists to-day in the very spot occupied by the original of the tavern with that name in *Barnaby Rudge*. The inn mentioned in the book was not, of course, an imaginative inn of Dickens's creation, for it actually existed in 1780, and was the headquarters of the Gordon Rioters.

Dickens describes it in the pages of his story as "a lone house of public entertainment situated in the fields at the back of the Foundling Hospital; a very solitary spot at that period, and quite deserted after dark. The tavern stood at some distance from any high road, and was approachable only by a dark and narrow lane." Here Hugh, Dennis and Tappertit were frequent visitors, and hatched many a plot.

Although the fields have given place to streets of houses, a Boot tavern is still to be found in Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road, the locality of the former solitary spot, where the rioters took refuge of nights in lanes, under hay-stacks, or near the warmth of brick-kilns.

In Chapter LII. of *Barnaby Rudge* will be found a faithful picture of "The Boot" as it was in 1780, engraved by George Cattermole from an etching of the period, and which, we believe, can still be seen in the British Museum. On another page we reproduce the picture from which Cattermole made his engraving, and it will be observed that it differs from his picture only slightly in detail, but is turned the other way round. This is brought about by the engraving being made on wood, so that when the block was printed from, the picture got reversed. The stream running in front of the inn is a tributary of the Fleet river, and still exists underground as a sewer.

"The Boot" has been held by one family, the Speedys (license and freehold) for something like 150 years. Mr. Harry Speedy is the present landlord, and has given some account of his historic heritage.

"I suppose few English readers of *Barnaby Rudge* know that the Boot Inn still exists," he said. "But we get plenty of Americans here. For that chair"—pointing to an ancient and solid piece of furniture—"the Yankees have offered as much as £50. There used to be a Boot Philanthropic Society which met here. That's the chairman's seat. Charles Dickens was the chairman."

Although the inn was rebuilt in 1801 by Peter Speedy, the great-grandfather of the present host, the fact that one family has held it for so many years has been the means of preserving much of old London at this spot. In 1630 a Thomas Cleave invested £50 in the Boot Tavern, the interest of which was to be spent weekly on 13 penny loaves, to be distributed to the poor at the door of St. Pancras Church every Sunday morning. Five generations of Speedys have kept "The Boot."

REPUTED PORTRAITS OF DICKENS

By O. SACK

THE discovery of "new" portraits of Dickens this year has become almost epidemic. It would seem that any unnamed portrait of a dandy-looking young man of the late "thirties" and early "forties" of last century which comes to light inspires the suggestion that it must be of Dickens. We know that Dickens had his portrait painted and his photograph taken probably more

CHARLES DICKENS

From a pencil sketch in the possession of Mr. Walter Crouch

often than any distinguished person of his period, but it is well to be certain of our facts before making the statement that this or that new discovery is Dickens's likeness. Recently three new portraits have been publicly exhibited and alleged to be of the novelist. The first of these was sold at a public auction for £5, and purported to have been Dickens as a child and painted at Chatham in 1815. On what authority the statement was made we do not know, but the Dickens family did not leave London for Chatham until

1816, when Charles was four years old, and their address was unknown until 1817, when they took No. 2, Ordnance Terrace, there. These facts alone would cast doubts on the statement that the portrait was "painted in Chatham in 1815," but close examination of the portrait would lead one to suggest that the original of the portrait must have been quite five years old, whereas Dickens would have only been three at the time. However, no one seems to have challenged the question of authenticity before, probably because the error was obvious.

The other two portraits in question were exhibited at the recent Dickens Exhibition at the New Dudley Gallery, and both were stated to be "about 1840," that is when the novelist was twenty-eight years of age. One of these is in oils by an unknown artist, and undoubtedly is an excellent piece of work, from an artistic point of view. We reproduced it in our September number. According to the catalogue of the exhibition, it was presented by Dickens to George Dolby, who first became associated with the novelist as his business manager in 1866. Now, apart from the fact that the portrait is as unlike Dickens as he appeared at the period named as anything could possibly be, one has to bear in mind that if this portrait had been in existence for nearly thirty years some members of the family would have known of it, and would recognise it now. But they do not. And when it is compared with the authentic portraits of the period, and particularly with Maclise's painting in the National Portrait Gallery, for which the novelist sat at the same period, there seems to be no semblance of Dickens's face in it. It has not that well-known shock of hair which he affected at the time, and which is familiar to all Dickensians; it has a suggestion of a moustache, which Dickens had not then; the eyes, the nose, and the mouth are totally different, while the dress, over which we believe Dickens was most particular, does not coincide with that which he wore at the period in question at all, notably, the "stock" and the cut of the coat. These details may be confirmed by comparison with other paintings of the same time by Samuel Laurence, and with the bust modelled by Dexter in America, which were all known to be good likenesses. This alleged portrait is so utterly different from any of these that one is compelled to doubt if it were even a very bad attempt at a portrait.

The third portrait in question was added to the Dickens Exhibition towards its close, and is the property of Mr. Walter Crouch. This is a pencil sketch reputed to have been made by Frederick Dickens, the novelist's brother. It is less conjectural than the other; indeed, it is so like Maclise's outline drawing of Dickens in the picture where he is represented in profile with his wife and sister-in-law that one may be safe in acknowledging it as a sketch of the novelist, suggested probably by Maclise's outline, and with more details added. It may, too, be favourably compared with the Laurence portraits and the Dexter bust. But there seems to be grave doubt as to whether it is the work of Frederick Dickens. Indeed, we have been given to understand that it could not possibly

have been by him, for he was never known to be able to draw, even in the most elementary manner, whereas in this sketch there are undoubted indications of a practised hand, if not of an artist's. Mr. Crouch has owned it for many years and inherited it from his father, who was a friend of Frederick Dickens, and employed with him in a Government office. Mr. Crouch states that Frederick Dickens drew the portrait and presented it to his father, and it has been in the family ever since. On the back of it is written: "Boz, about 1840." While not doubting that Frederick Dickens gave the sketch to Mr. Crouch, we must assume it was drawn by another and an unknown hand. However, this does not detract from its interest as a portrait sketch of the novelist, and whatever merit it has as a likeness, the work in it is delicate and sure. Whoever was the artist, it resembles Dickens as other artists have depicted him during the same period.

DICKENS AND SHEFFIELD

SHEFFIELD, where the Dickens Fellowship holds its conference this year, does not figure very often in Dickens's books. We all remember, of course, the incident in *David Copperfield* in which "Mr. Brooks of Sheffield" plays a small and imaginative part.

Dickens gave a reading of his *Christmas Carol* in the Mechanics' Hall, Sheffield, on December 22nd, 1855, in aid of the funds of that institute. After the reading, the mayor, on behalf of a few gentlemen in the town, presented to the novelist for his acceptance a very handsome service of table cutlery, a pair of razors, and a pair of fish carvers, as some substantial manifestation of their gratitude to him for his kindness in visiting Sheffield.

In receiving the presentation, Dickens said he accepted with heartfelt delight and cordial gratitude such beautiful specimens of Sheffield workmanship, and he begged to assure them that the kind observations which had been made by the mayor, and the way they had been responded to by that assembly, would never be obliterated from his remembrance. The present testified not only to the work of Sheffield hands, but to the warmth and generosity of Sheffield hearts. It was his earnest desire to do right by his readers, and to leave imaginative and popular literature associated with the private homes and public rights of the people of England. The case of cutlery with which he had been so kindly presented should be retained as a heirloom to his family; and he assured them that he should ever be faithful till his death to the principles which had earned for him their approval. In taking his reluctant leave of them, he wished them many merry Christmases and happy new years.

GERMAN APPRECIATION OF DICKENS

By HENRY LEFFMANN (of Philadelphia)

(Read before the Philadelphia Branch of the Dickens Fellowship)

I

THE Italian proverb, "Traduttore, traditore" ("Translator, traitor"), finds abundant exemplification in all literature, ancient and modern. Notwithstanding the facilities of modern literature, it is still necessary for those who would be fully acquainted with any work to read it in the original. This is partly because each country and each period of history has its colloquialisms, slang, and dialect which find no specific equivalent in other tongues, but careless or incompetent translators often seek to excuse imperfections by alleging "untranslatability," when higher scholarship or more patient search of dictionaries would discover equivalents.

Among modern nations a difference may be noted in what may be called the "translator's conscience," by which I mean the care taken to render an author faithfully and clearly. The German is easily first in this respect. One has only to look over the standard German translations of Shakespeare to see how every word has been examined as to its meaning, and the nearest German equivalent selected, a task that is most difficult, for many expressions in Shakespeare are of uncertain meaning even to the best English scholars. Moreover, the grammatical requirements of one language often give rise to difficulties that are not in the other language. This fact finds a striking example in a line in "Othello." When Othello states that Desdemona

> "wished
> That Heaven had made her such a man,"

the English reader does not need to pass upon the question whether the lady meant that she wished to be such a man or wished such a man had been sent to woo her; but the German translator faces the problem whether to translate "made her such a man" or "made for her such a man." The leading translator has decided on the latter form, which is the more creditable to Desdemona's womanliness.

Charles Dickens is a difficult author to translate. Not that his style is involved or difficult. On the contrary, his language is simple and clear, although sometimes showing errors in form and often the colloquial errors in grammar. The difficulty arises from the largely local and contemporary character of much of his best writings, and his extensive use of English folk-lore. Many a time are his German translators puzzled by allusions to nursery rhymes that are literally "household words" to English-speaking people. Jack Horner, Mother Hubbard, and such mythical creatures render footnotes necessary, sometimes leading merely to vague suggestions that the allusion is to some "Kindermaerchen" ("child's story"). The dialects, of course, give trouble. The immortal advice of the elder Weller "to put it down a we" necessitates a footnote in which a play on the words "fellow" and "feller" is vaguely sug-

gested, making it evident that the translator is innocently but wholly astray.

In the works of some of the great English writers, such as Thackeray, Bulwer or Byron, classical allusions are frequent. In that field the German translator is perfectly at home. He will find ten times more difficulty in dealing with an allusion to Miss Muffet than in dealing with an allusion to even a recondite Greek or Latin work.

It is gratifying to English-speaking persons to note the great vogue that some English writers have in Germany. Shakespeare is studied quite as assiduously as in England or America. Byron is highly appreciated. Many of our modern humorists are well known. A few weeks ago Sherlock Holmes' methods figured in a cartoon in the *Fliegende Blaetter*.

The complete series of Dickens's novels and his more important shorter stories can now be obtained in German form. Paul Heichen's translations are most carefully done. An examination of the text shows that very rarely is a difficulty ignored or superficially treated. Not infrequently the translator places frankly before the reader the insufficiency of his work. Here and there are positive errors, but the main features of the text are brought clearly before the reader. Sam Weller's dialect speech, of course, offers some difficulty.

Much study would be required to enable one to assign the novels of Dickens to their position in relation to standard German fiction, but I have no doubt that all critics would place them very high. One German critic has declared that *David Copperfield* is the greatest novel of the nineteenth century. Personally, I incline to the view that *A Tale of Two Cities* is the greatest of the series, a view that was expressed by Richard Grant White many years ago. Modern German fiction, like that of other lands, offers much that cannot be classed with Dickens, not because of inferiority, but as being of a wholly different type. Such are works of Muehlbach and Ebers. Novels dealing with court or camp or with ancient times have no plane of comparison with those of our author, whose chief charm arises from the narrow localisation and close contemporaneousness of most of his work. In only two of his novels does he carry the reader to a time preceding the nineteenth century, and he is scarcely ever away from England. The uniqueness of Dickens's genius is shown when we compare him with the other great writers of his time and place. Note, for instance, the contrast between his works and those of Bulwer, Collins or Thackeray, especially the last named. Thackeray probably comes nearest to Dickens among all contemporary writers. He has had the fortune to add a few names to the world's stock of typical characters, but his novels abound in classicisms and in scenes among the idle rich. Charles Dickens certainly had "little Latin and less Greek," and the nobility at home are seen only in *Bleak House*, and then not to particular advantage. In drawing the characters of a few tuft-hunters such as the Veneerings, the titled aristocracy appear occasionally, but leave no impress of moment.

My own limited acquaintance with German fiction leads me to place Dickens with Reuter and Auerbach. The former, it is true, is not strictly German, but the low Dutch in which he wrote is closely allied to German, the difference being not appreciably greater than that between modern English and the Scotch dialect of Burns.

It will be, I think, of interest to give a translation of what an editor of Fritz Reuter's works has to say of the relations between that writer and Dickens.

Adolph Wilbrandt, in the preface to his edition of Reuter's complete works, says: "Reuter was not of handsome personal appearance, though stately, vigorous, agreeable, with eyes that shone clear and earnestly, yet he lacked the ideal stimulating qualities one expects in a poet. Similarly, his life did not run in the brilliancy and enchantment of a favourite of the gods. When we compare him with an English contemporary, Boz, whom he resembles most in genius, we note how differently fate has mingled the colours in the two creations. The figure of Dickens seems to crush the other. An apparently boundless talent, carried forward by all the winds of success; at twenty-four a prolific writer, at twenty-five famous, a part of the greatest city of the earth, which is full of buoyant life, with limitless opportunities for observation, in comedy and tragedy. A man of truly soaring imagination, who plunged, with youthful ardour, into the tumult of the life of this great city, which inspirited him and with which he was infused.

"On the other hand, Fritz Reuter was the homely man of a dialect, provincial, unfitted to dazzle or to sparkle, appearing before the world first in ripe years, one of those cautious mortals, who mature late in life, of whom he himself once said: 'We Low Dutch are of hard wood that ignites with difficulty, but then glows.' I may add with an enduring, warming glow—a glow that give its warmth to mankind as long as will the more dazzling fire that burns in Boz. Reuter was not endowed with the kindly subjectivity of imagination that is manifested so uncontrollably in the better hours of the English humorist, but his thoughtful objectivity made him a truer mirror of nature. There is a classic feature in him which quietly and fully brings him near to the most modern of mankind."

I have before me Heichen's translation of *Little Dorrit*. I am not entirely satisfied with the German rendering, "Klein Dorrit." It seems to me that the title "Dorritchen" would have conveyed the author's meaning better, for I have little doubt that in his title Dickens intended to sound a note of endearment or sympathy, and in German the neuter diminutives in "chen" and "lein" are used for such purpose. I also feel that possibly the translator has missed the meaning of the immortal phrase, "How not to do it." His rendering literally means "how one must not do it," which seems to me to miss the fine, cutting sarcasm of the motto. The English expression is idiomatic and somewhat ambiguous, so that the translator may be pardoned for a misunderstanding.

(*To be concluded.*)

FRITH'S PAINTINGS OF "DOLLY VARDEN"

IN one of his delightful volumes of reminiscences Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., has told how he came to paint so many pictures of Dolly Varden. "One of the greatest difficulties besetting me," he said, "has always been the choice of subject. My inclination being strongly towards the illustration of modern life, I had read the works of Dickens in the hope of finding material for the exercise of any talent I might possess; but at that time the ugliness of modern dress frightened me, and it was not till the publication of *Barnaby*

"DOLLY VARDEN"

Especially painted by W. P. Frith, R.A., for Charles Dickens

Rudge, and the delightful Dolly Varden was presented to us, that I felt my opportunity had come, with the cherry-coloured mantle and the hat and pink ribbons.

"I found a capital model for Dolly, and I painted her in a variety of attitudes. First, where she is admiring a bracelet given her by Miss Haredale; then as she leans laughing against a tree; then, again, in an interview with Miss Haredale, where she is the bearer of a letter from that lady's lover; and, again, when, on

being accused of a penchant for Joe, she declares, indignantly, 'she hoped she could do better than *that*, indeed!'

"These pictures easily found purchasers, though for sums small enough. The laughing Dolly, afterwards engraved, became very popular, replicas of it being made for Dickens's friend, John Forster, and others.

"It goes without saying that I had read all that Dickens had written, beginning with the *Sketches by Boz;* and I can well remember my disappointment when I found that the real name of the author was *Dickens*. I refused to believe that such a genius could have such a vulgar name; and now what a halo surrounds it!

"I had never seen the man, who in my estimation was, and is, one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived; my sensations may be imagined when I received the following letter:—

1, Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regent's Park,
November 15th, 1842.

My dear Sir,—I shall be very glad if you will do me the favour to paint me two little companion pictures, one a Dolly Varden (whom you have so exquisitely done already), the other a Kate Nickleby.

Faithfully yours always,
Charles Dickens.

P.S.—I take it for granted that the original picture of Dolly with the bracelet is sold.

"My mother and I cried over that letter, and the wonder is that anything is left of it, for I showed it to every friend I had, and it was admired and envied by all."

When these pictures were finished Dickens was delighted with them. They hung in a prominent place in his house at Gadshill, and received the admiration of every one who saw them. At the famous sale of Dickens's pictures at Christie's, after his death, this particular "Dolly Varden" was sold for thirteen hundred guineas. It is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Barry, of Broadstairs, with whose permission we reproduce it here. One of the other Dolly Vardens referred to above is in the collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

By J. W. T. LEY

IV

BOOKS

I INTEND dealing comparatively briefly with the books in the collection. There are about 420 volumes, apart from the magazine articles, plays, &c., and something like two-thirds of these consist of various editions of the works themselves, or of selections from them, of the type of "Readings," "Wellerisms," "The Humour and Pathos of Dickens," and so on. With these I propose to deal in a few words. There are about six complete editions of the works, including the best modern ones. The only

book of which the original parts are in the Library is *Edwin Drood*, but the first volume edition of every one of the novels may be seen. Of plagiarisms, too, I do not intend to say very much. There are several, and one is reminded of the curious fact that the two books of Dickens's which have been most frequently plagiarised are the first and the last—*Pickwick* and *Edwin Drood*. All the earlier books, however, were treated in this way, from *Pickwick* to *Dombey and Son*—that is, for the first ten or twelve years of Dickens's career these literary vagabonds were at work "without interruption or intermission," as Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz would say, and we get books bearing such outrageous titles as "Oliver Twiss," "Nicholas Nickleberry," "Martin Puzzlewit," "Dombey and Daughter," and the like; but it is notable that these people almost entirely ceased from their labours after 1850. It is true that the Christmas books were parodied, but the plagiarist disappeared, and the genuine parodist took his place—a much less objectionable individual. Why this should have been so might form an interesting subject of inquiry, but just now I content myself with noting the fact. When in 1870 *Drood* was left incomplete, there arose another class altogether—a succession of people who produced genuine "loving studies" propounding theories as to how Dickens would have developed the story had he lived. For the most part these "Droodists" (the latest name for them, which, to my astonishment, has not brought forth one word of protest. Mr. Cuming Walters must have suffered much for his temerity in entering the field, but I certainly thought this would be the last straw. Perhaps it was!)—for the most part they have treated their subject—shall I say reverently?—that is, their inquiries have been generally marked by genuine affection; but there have been the exceptions, ranging from the rank absurdity of the "conclusion" alleged to be by the "spirit hand of Charles Dickens," to the frivolity of Mr. Andrew Lang's "The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot." Most of these plagiarisms, parodies, and continuations are in the collection, and one could not want more striking testimony to the hold which Dickens has had upon his readers from 1837 down to the present year than that offered by these volumes.

I pass on to the other books, and find extraordinary variety. Here is a fine series of biographies, here a set of volumes dealing with Dickensian topography, here a series of critical volumes—every conceivable phase of Dickens's life and works seems to have been dealt with over and over again. A mere glance through this Library suggests that it would be impossible to say anything new on any of the subjects, yet simultaneously with the reception of this idea, our eye lights upon a volume entitled "Charles Dickens," by G. K. Chesterton, and we realise that even within the last two years the author of that volume has found something to say that was not only new, but was worth saying, and once again we marvel at the almost infinite variety of the work, the universality of this man whose education was scarcely as extensive as that of our modern Council school-boy.

But I must hasten on. I shall glance quite at random at this or that book, and I know I shall not fail to find something interesting. Here is the history of the *Daily News*, published in 1896 in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of that paper. It is a romantic and sometimes a fascinating story that is told in this little volume, but we can only glance at the first chapter here. There is a curious story to the effect that during the short period of Dickens's editorship of that paper he indulged in the most absurd luxuries. The favourite story is that his letters and proofs were handed to him on a silver salver. How or when this tale originated I do not know, but it crops up periodically in the newspapers even to-day—I have seen it at least twenty times in the last seven years—and the curious thing is that it is often accepted as true by men whom we regard as Dickensian authorities. This being so, it may be well to quote in these pages the statement of the first publisher of the *Daily News*. Of Dickens's own room, he says, "There were no indications of lavish expenditure in the furnishing of the apartment as has been absurdly asserted. It simply comprised an ordinary office table and arm-chair, a stained wood reading desk, six leather-bottomed chairs, a small bookcase, and a black horse-hair sofa, the floor being carpeted." And after speaking of the library, he says, "Letters for the Editor were conveyed (not on a silver salver, as the absurd legend has it) and placed in a kind of deed-box, a similar one being provided for the heads of every department for the reception of all 'copy' and correspondence referring thereto." Thus the eminently sane Dickens did not lose his sanity when he entered the *Daily News* office, as some would seem to wish us to believe. By the way, I wonder how many readers of *The Dickensian* are aware that the novelist's father served under his son as chief reporter of the *Daily News?*

Here is one of the many unauthorised biographies of Dickens that were published in the two years immediately following his death. It is by R. A. Hammond, and I notice it because it contains what I consider to be an absurdity. R. H. Horne, I think, was the founder of this absurdity, but Hammond went even further. Horne in his "New Spirit of the Age" pointed out that Dickens often fell—probably unconsciously—into blank verse, and he quoted from *The Old Curiosity Shop* the description of the death of Little Nell. It is true that here, and in one or two other places, the prose may be easily printed as blank verse, but why this should be held up as a merit it is difficult to understand. What compliment would it have been to—say, Lamb or Macaulay—to tell him that while he was writing prose essays, he was really writing blank verse? If Dickens fell into blank verse it was a literary blemish, and it is absurd to claim that it is anything else. Here, at the end of this "Life and Writings of Charles Dickens" is an appendix entitled "Poetical Collections from the Writings of Charles Dickens." There are no notes whatsoever—merely a series of what purport to be poems by Dickens. The first is "The Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers," the next is "Listening Angels" (which I have never heard of outside this volume, though

that may be my ignorance, of course), and then we find a "poem" entitled "Death of Little Nell." This is followed by "Little Nell's Funeral," "Smike's Grave-stone," and, later on, by "Battle of Hastings" and "Niagara." As I have said, no references or notes are given, and these quotations from prose writings are spaced out as poetry, presumably with the idea that to show the possibility of it is to pay a compliment to Dickens's style. The "Battle of Hastings" is merely an extract from "A Child's History of England," and "Niagara" is nothing but the last paragraph of the XIVth Chapter of *American Notes*. One wonders how Dickens would have regarded this ridiculous idea, for certain it is that every case in which this can be done with his prose is an instance of weakness in his style. Prose has no right to be anything but prose.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XLVI

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Go then to Italy; but mind
To leave the pale low France behind;
Pass through that country, nor ascend
The Rhine, nor over Tyrol wend:
Thus all at once shall rise more grand
The glories of the ancient land.
  Dickens! how often, when the air
Breath'd genially, I've thought me there,
And rais'd to heaven my thankful eyes
To see three spans of deep blue skies.
  In Genoa now I hear a stir,
A shout . . . *Here comes the Minister!*
Yes, thou art he, although not sent
By cabinet or parliament;
Yes, thou art he. Since Milton's youth
Bloom'd in the Eden of the South,
Spirit so pure and lofty none
Hath heavenly Genius from his throne
Deputed on the banks of Thames.
To speak his voice and urge his claims,
Let every nation know from thee
How less than lovely Italy
Is the whole world beside; let all
Into their grateful breasts recall
How Prospero and Miranda dwelt
In Italy; the griefs that melt
The stoniest heart, each sacred tear
One lachrymatory gathered here;
All Desdemona's, all that fell
In playful Juliet's bridal cell.
  Ah! could my steps in life's decline
Accompany or follow thine!
But my own vines are not for me
To prune, or from afar to see.
I miss the tales I used to tell
With cordial Hare and joyous Gell,

And that good old Archbishop whose
Cool library, at evening's close
(Soon as from Ischia swept the gale
And heav'd and lift the darkening sail)
Its lofty portal opened wide
To me and very few beside:
Yet large his kindness. Still the poor
Flock round Taranto's palace-door
And find no other to replace
The noblest of a noble race.
Amid our converse you would see
Each with white cat upon his knee,
And flattering that grand company:
For Persian kings might proudly own
Such glorious cats to share the throne.
Write me few letters: I'm content
With what for all the world is meant;
Write then for all; but since my breast
Is far more faithful than the rest,
Never shall any other share
With little Nelly nestling there.

Examiner, September 21st, 1844.

DICKENS AS AN EDUCATIONIST

By J. L. HUGHES, Author of "Dickens as an Educator"

ON September 12th, at the Oulton Secondary School, Clarence Street, Mr. J. L. Hughes, author of "Dickens as an Educator," Chief Inspector of Schools and Vice-President of the Branch of the Fellowship in Toronto, gave a lecture before the members of the Liverpool and District Teachers' Association, on the above subject.

At the outset, Mr. Hughes mentioned that he had been a teacher for forty-five years, and was the oldest inspector of schools in America, having occupied his present position for thirty-five years. Proceeding with his address, which was highly interesting, entertaining and witty, Mr. Hughes showed the great author's love and intimate knowledge of children. Dickens, he said, was the greatest student that England or America had ever produced. There was one sentence that would have made his memory sweet if he had never written anything more, and that was to do justice and honour to the nature of a child. Dickens was the first great man to plead for schools for the deaf, blind and defective children. He pleaded in his novels, newspaper articles, and his speeches for the education of poor children, while he also pleaded for the introduction of art, music and manual training in the schools. He recommended institutions for the training of teachers, and national schools for all children. Then, again, through his writings, he ridiculed that select portion of the race that called itself Society, on the principle of exclusion and not inclusion. He hated all types of coercion, and the men of England, America and the civilised world dared not treat the children to-day as they did when Dickens commenced to write about it. Dickens more than any other man was responsible for killing that awful tyrant of coercion, and while we to-day shuddered at the brutal practices on children fifty years ago, fifty years hence

people would shudder more at the brutal practices on children to-day. Then, with regard to the evils of "cramming," Dickens strongly condemned this system, and more than anything else he revealed the need of giving a child free, rich childhood. It was the duty of the teacher to keep children merry young robins, as God meant them to be. Some people believed in making it hard for children, because of the hard times they would have to face later, and he believed that was all nonsense and humbug. A very great step in modern education had come when men and women had got a greater reverence for the soul of the individual child. Physical development he advised in many of his books, while another matter Dickens dealt with—and he (the speaker) was glad to see they were studying it in Liverpool—was the nutrition of the child. Let them, he said in conclusion, try to bring to the eyes of the little ones not tears of pain, but tears of joy, triumph and hope.

A BOOK OF INTEREST*

By CHARLES WHITCOMBE

IT is very easy to talk about the Chestertonian paradox, and to say that it is in danger of developing into a mere mannerism. Nothing could be easier; but it would be only half the truth. The truth is that the "Chestertonian paradox" is a mannerism only in so far as it is wholly Chestertonian. But there is a deeper truth, too, namely, that though Mr. Chesterton's style may be somewhat topsy-turvy, it serves to express truths clearly and unmistakably. It is too often claimed that Mr. Chesterton's characteristic is his "paradoxical style." This is really entirely a superficial view, for the one notable characteristic of all his writings is sanity. Whoever doubts this, let him read the volume under notice. It is a collection of quite short essays from periodicals. Many of the subjects dealt with may suggest the ephemeral, but that objection—if it be such—is met by the author in his introduction. There is one article here that will have special interest for readers of this magazine. It is entitled "The 'Eatanswill Gazette,'" and, of course, deals with the recent controversy as to whether Sudbury or Ipswich was the original of Eatanswill. Here Mr. Chesterton gives an instance of his sanity. "Sanity," he said the other day, "does not so much consist in seeing things, as in seeing the big things big, and the little things little;" and he, in our opinion, says the last word not only on this, but on most similar controversies, when he says, "As a matter of fact, I fear that Eatanswill was every town in the country. It is surely clear that when Dickens described the Eatanswill election he did not mean it as a satire on Sudbury or a satire on Ipswich; he meant it as a satire on England. The Eatanswill election is not a joke against Eatanswill, it is a joke against elections." We should like to write at greater length, but magazine space has no correspondence to conscience—it will not stretch—and so we must content ourselves with recommending the book to our readers.

* *All Things Considered.* By G. K. Chesterton. London: Methuen & Co. 5s. net.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

AN APPRECIATION

By ERNEST POLOCK

A *TALE of Two Cities* is, I am inclined to think, one of the most beautiful, if not *the* most beautiful, of all the works of Charles Dickens. It holds us transfixed from first to last by its consummate power. It shows us many aspects of life; and we feel how cunning is the master hand at describing each, and with what a vividness and rightness of touch they are all presented. Whether we are with Ernest Defarge at the wine-shop in Saint-Antoine, or with Lucie Manette in the quiet garden at Soho; whether we are amid the shouts and revelry of the French mob as they rush madly to pounce upon some new prey; or with Mr. Sydney Carton in the Old Bailey, as he lazily sits with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ceiling; in all these the atmosphere is so perfect and the characters so life-like, that we are, as it were, sitting in a theatre and the incidents are all being acted before us.

It has been said about this story that it stands alone as the only one in which Dickens altered himself. I am inclined to think that this is true in many respects; its plot, hero, and connection with a historic event, as well as such characters as the Defarges and Doctor Manette, are foreign to Dickens. Of course the novel subject has, to a certain extent, necessitated a change in the style. But there is, in many parts, the old breezy way of writing, and there is a true Dickens flavour about such characters as Jerry Cruncher, Miss Pross, Mr. Stryver and dear old Mr. Lorry, next to Sydney Carton the most beautiful character in the book. He is, indeed, one of those sweet, kind, lovable personages in whom their creator delighted. He is what many people say Dickens could never draw —a true gentleman.

It is with wonderful power that Dickens first shows us the wretched condition of the French poor, and then, when the revolution has broken out, carries our sympathy to the nobles who have ill-treated them. But what is yet more wonderful is the way in which he brings in Doctor Manette's manuscript which again enlists our sympathies for the previous sufferers, until we cannot help asking ourselves whether the revolution was not deserved and unavoidable.

With the exception of the final chapter wherein Carton performs that last heroic act of self-sacrifice, I think the most touching scene of all is the one where the hero and Mr. Lorry meditate over the past, and the young man sees in his friend's long life the many good and noble actions of which he himself has been incapable. "Yours," says Carton, "is a long life to look back upon, Sir." "I am in my seventy-and-eighth year." "You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected and looked up to. . . . . I am not old, but my way was never the way to age. Enough of me." It is a beautiful scene, and perhaps the friendship between Carton and the poor old bachelor is one of the most touching and pathetic in all Dickens.

It has been said of the many characters which Dickens has drawn, that they are not men, but gods; that they do not walk upon this earth, but that they still live happily in Dickens-land. In that wonderful region, created by the immortal Boz, Mr. Pickwick, attended by the faithful Sam, rambles over England as in the days of yore; there, Captain Cuttle, with his beaming face, still smokes his pipe in Sol Gills' parlour, with his Heart's Delight by his side; and Richard Swiveller, the most humorous creation in the whole of Dickens, plays his nightly game of cribbage with the Marchioness, in that wretched kitchen in Bevis Marks. I like to think of them all bowing their heads, as it were, before the picturesque and dignified figure of "the self-wrecked, self-devoted Sydney Carton," as with a firm tread he mounts the steps of the scaffold, to perform the noblest action which man can conceive—to enter into the far, far better rest than he has ever known. I like to think of him standing there with his long coat and straggling hair, erect and solemn before the guillotine, urging us on also to nobler deeds and higher aspirations, until it can be said of each of us, as it was said of him by her whom he loved best on earth, "I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

AN extremely valuable little book* has just been published on the work of George Cruikshank, which Dickensians will be glad to possess, not only because of the many references to Dickens in it so much, for those have often figured in other volumes relating to Dickens, but because in a small compass we get the story of Cruikshank's life told crisply, if pedantically; and incidentally a light is thrown on the many peculiarities which made him cross swords with the novelist over the creation of certain characters. Dickens was not the only butt for these whimsical ideas of the artist, and Mr. Chesson deals with each. Mr. Chesson knows Cruikshank's work thoroughly, and shows how he appreciates its merits, and criticises with fairness and discrimination its technique and pictorial faithfulness. But he does it at times in a style which may be clever, yet is nevertheless irritating. In a series known as "The Popular Library of Art" one expects simplicity of narration, and not sentences which require to be re-cast almost to be understood.

Valuable features of the book are the numerous illustrations listed in chronological order at the commencement of the book, and a full annotated Bibliographical index at the end.

* "George Cruikshank." By W. H. Chesson. London: Duckworth & Co. 2s. net.

MR. JOHN HARWOOD

MR. JOHN HARWOOD, who was recently elected President of the Manchester Branch of the Fellowship, in succession to Sir W. H. Bailey, has long been known in the North of England as a past-master in the art of public recitation. Mr. Harwood began his public career during the memorable cotton famine in Lancashire, and his services were soon in great request all over the county at entertainments organised for the purpose of raising funds for the starving operatives. His first recital, forty years ago, was given in the Manchester Athenæum, of which he was, in 1887, elected an honorary life-member. It was in association with this institution that he took up dramatic work as an amateur, and this subsequently led to his inclusion in the casts of one or two of Charles Calvert's Shakesperian productions at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

Mr. Harwood, when a youth, heard Dickens read *Doctor Marigold* and the Trial Scene from *Pickwick*, and was early attracted to the study of the works of the great novelist. His first public reading was from *A Christmas Carol*. This was undertaken at short notice to oblige a friend, and was given to the accompaniment of lantern views. Mr. Harwood made a special adaptation of the story for the occasion, and has continued to use it in all his recitals of the piece up to the present time. Such was the success of this first effort that he was urged to "try it without the lantern." He did so, but soon realised the truth of Dickens's remark as to the advantage of dispensing even with the book, and he therefore determined to abandon reading in favour of reciting, and has never since used the printed page.

Twenty-five years ago it was not uncommon to hear the "superior" person say that the characters drawn by Charles Dickens were low and vulgar, and that his popularity was already waning. There is no doubt that Mr. Harwood, who was then practically alone in the field as a *Dickens* reciter, did much to counteract this growing impression. He constantly received assurances, both in public and in private, that his delineations of Dickens characters had come as a revelation to the people, who never expected to find such deep and touching pathos in a book by Charles Dickens; and who avowed that they must and would read the author for themselves. Upon this feature in his experiences Mr. Harwood looks back with peculiar pleasure.

Mr. Harwood's *répertoire*, as may be imagined, has by now become very extensive. It embraces no fewer than eight distinct entertainments—four evenings with Dickens, and four with Shakespeare and other authors—as well as popular lectures on "The Art of Public Recitation: its Humours and Difficulties," and "How I became a Dickens Reciter."

Of all his pieces, however, the *Carol* still holds the field as the most frequently requisitioned of his selections; although his adaptation of *The Cricket on the Hearth* runs it very close in point of popularity. His most recent adaptation is that of *The Chimes*, which he has given with great acceptance before the Dickens Fellowship in Manchester and other large audiences.

The outstanding feature of Mr. Harwood's Dickensian recitals is his remarkable power of characterisation. He is most partial to the stories in which pathos and humour are so exquisitely blended, as in *Doctor Marigold*, *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, and *Richard Doubledick*.

The exigencies of an important public position have, to some extent, limited the sphere of Mr. Harwood's activities as a reciter, but, although he is best known in the North of England, he has recited in London and the Midlands on several occasions, and always with great success. Mr. Harwood has been most generous in giving his services for philanthropic objects, and by his efforts many hun-

MR. JOHN HARWOOD

dreds of pounds have been raised for charitable purposes. In connection with an effort to provide a "Tiny Tim" cot in one of the Liverpool hospitals he was instrumental in raising £250 by a series of recitals given gratuitously. As an instance of his charitable work the following touching incident may be recorded:—One day some workmen called upon Mr. Harwood and told him how a poor girl, a cotton operative, had suffered in an accident in a mill, and had her arm taken off, so that she could no longer work for a living. They had ascertained, however, that if she could get an artificial limb of the best mechanism she would be able to resume her former occupation. The men wished to ask Mr. Harwood if he would give a recital in order that the money (about £20) might be raised. Mr.

Harwood readily consented, the recital came off, the money was obtained, and, at the close, the parents of the girl came to the anteroom to express their thanks. Their gratitude was so genuine and touching that all three were embarrassed. All they could do was to squeeze the hands of each other in silence, and depart, without saying a word. Mr. Harwood says that no other recital, before or since, ever gave him such complete satisfaction as this.

Mr. Harwood was one of the founders of the Manchester Branch of the Fellowship. He has always taken an active interest in its work, and also in the progress of the Fellowship generally. His election to the presidency of the Branch is an event on which the Dickensians, not only of Manchester, but of a wider circle, may be warmly congratulated. A. H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A DICKENS REMINISCENCE

Sir,—My recollection of Dickens's literary works goes back to the issue of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which I well remember, as a schoolboy of nine years old, seeing placarded in very large letters, "Master Humphrey's Clock Strikes Again," at a book-shop close to Bristol Bridge, when passing through that city on my way to Clevedon to spend part of my holidays. This must have been in the summer of 1840 or 1841, when the volumes of Dickens's new work had just issued from the press.

The mention of this recalls to mind the Bristol of 1840-1, compared with that of to-day. The old hostelry, "The Bush," now a bank, so well known in its day, with the "turtle room" occupied by rows of turtles lying on the floor on their backs—the old Temple Street—with other objects of attraction to me as a small boy, still linger distinctly in my memory, and remind me of days and things both long since past and gone.

Poulshot, Wilts. Edward Kite.

THE FIVE SISTERS OF YORK

Sir,—During the memorable journey to Do-the-Boys-Hall, your readers will recollect that half-way between Grantham and Newark the coach was upset in a snowdrift, and the passengers were obliged to make for the nearest public-house to wait until a fresh coach could be obtained to convey them on their way, and it was during that time two stories were narrated, the first of which is entitled "The Five Sisters of York," and it is in connection with this that the following information, which has been kindly communicated to me by Mrs. Lewin, of 6, Minster Gate, York (who is, she told me, a great admirer of Dickens's works), will be of interest to those who care to localise many of the events mentioned or referred to in the books of Dickens. The street in a line with the east end of the Minster, now called "College Street," was formerly called "Little Alice Street."

"An old lady who was born in the house in Minster Gate, opposite to ours, a Mrs. Dixon, told me that two or three worn letters belonging to the name of Alice were legible on the flag stone under the middle light of the window early in 1800; she told me (Mrs. Lewin) this in 1859."

By the window Mrs. Lewin, of course, refers to the celebrated "Five Sisters Window" in York Minster.

Mrs. Lewin further states that Hargrove mentions something of this in his history of York.

Yours truly,

Didsbury, August 6th, 1908. W. H. VAUGHAN.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

Reports of meetings should reach the Editor by the 18th of each month to ensure insertion. But it will be a matter of GREAT CONVENIENCE *if Secretaries will send their reports immediately after the meetings have been held, and not wait until the time limit. Address c/o Publishers, 11, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*

CHARITABLE AND NEEDLEWORK GUILD.—The annual meeting took place at St. Bride's Institute, on September 17th, Mr. E. P. Haslam being in the chair. The Hon. Secretary's report and the balance-sheet for the season just ended were presented and adopted unanimously. Miss Georgina Hogarth was re-elected President, and Mrs. H. F. Dickens, Mrs. Edmund Dickens and Mrs. Snowden Ward Vice-Presidents. Miss K. Elliot, Miss L. Walford, Mrs. E. P. Haslam and Mr. Snowden Ward were elected to the Committee. It was announced that the Annual Bazaar would take place on December 2nd, and that the management of it would be in the hands of the Guild Committee and the Council of the Fellowship combined. The usual monthly meeting of the Fellowship would be abandoned in order that the bazaar should have the entire support of the whole Fellowship. A discussion took place as to the details of the bazaar, and many suggestions for making it a great success were made. The different stalls will be allocated to ladies and gentlemen, who will be asked to take entire responsibility for stocking and arranging each. Mrs. B. W. Matz and Mrs. E. H. Tomlin have already promised to take a stall on these conditions, and it is hoped that other offers will be forthcoming. Every effort is to be expended to make this bazaar a success worthy of its cause and of the Fellowship, and members are earnestly appealed to, to come forward either with suggestions or with promise of help. In all probability the bazaar will be held in the West End, and perhaps the date may have to be altered. But what is wanted is real, energetic help, and it is hoped it will be forthcoming. At the conclusion of the meeting a sincere vote of thanks was proposed to Miss Emilie M. Miniken, the Secretary of the Guild, for her unselfish and untiring labours on its behalf, and was carried unanimously.

DUBLIN.—On Saturday, August 1st, a very large number of members and friends of the Dublin Branch met at Howth Summit to take part in an "al fresco" conversazione. Tea having been served at the Shamrock Tea Rooms, the party enjoyed an excellent programme of music, readings, and recitations contributed by the following members and friends: Mrs. Wall, Miss Grace Hunt, Miss Steele, Miss Constance Collins, Miss Ada Shaw, Miss Hill, Messrs. Hughes, Taylor (2), Johnston, M. D. Collins, W. H. Huish, J. C. Shaw, and J. Shaw, junr. Mr. M. D. Collins presided, and the accompaniments were played by Mrs. Wall, the Misses Slyne and Collins, and Mr. Jack Shaw. The programme, which

was entirely of an impromptu nature, reflected great credit on those who contributed, and was thoroughly appreciated.

At the Second Annual General Meeting held in the Sackville Café, a large attendance of members were present. Sir Charles Cameron, out-going President, occupied the chair, and, in opening the proceedings, congratulated the members on the success which had attended the branch up to the present, and wished it every success in the future. He eulogised the work of the officials of the branch, and pointed to the fact that the example of the Dickens Fellowship had been followed by other fellowships of a like character, such as the Shakespeare and the Dante Societies. There had been a number of delightful assemblies and excellent entertainments, and there had been a large accession of members. The Fellowship had improved both in the quality and quantity of its members. Quality was what they most desired, and the quality had certainly been on the ascendant. The Secretary, Mr. G. A. Prescott, read the annual report, which stated that during the past year the membership roll of the Fellowship numbered 218. The report dealt in detail with the various leading events of interest to the Fellowship during the year. The election of officers and committee for the ensuing year was then proceeded with. Sir Charles Cameron was unanimously re-elected President, and Professor Dowden, T.C.D., and Messrs. Huish and J. Shaw (jun.) Vice-Presidents. Mr. George A. Prescott was re-elected Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. W. J. Preston Hon. Assistant Secretary. The following were appointed to be the Committee of Management of the affairs of the Fellowship branch for the coming year :— Miss Slyne, Miss Gibbons, Miss Hunt, Miss Hegan, Messrs. J. T. Robson, R. Fairbairne, J. M. Hobson, Young, M. D. Collins, and J. C. Shaw.

HALIFAX.—The opening of the First Session in the Mechanics' Institute took place on Thursday, September 3rd. The President, Dr. W. M. Bransom, was in the chair, and, in a few appropriate remarks, spoke of the progress the Branch had made, and laid particular stress on the absolute necessity of a whole-hearted enthusiasm among the members, deprecating anything stiff and formal between members of a Fellowship which owed its existence to a man so lovable, so friendly, so kind-spirited as Charles Dickens. Miss Helen Brinckman, on rising to give Mr. B. W. Matz's Lecture on "Charles Dickens," was given a very cordial reception. The lecturer was followed by a deeply interested audience as they listened to the life story of that wonderful apostle of humanity. Miss Brinckman concluded by giving recitals of "The Muffet and Crumpet" speeches (*Nicholas Nickleby*), Miss Tox, Miss Miggs, and a powerful dramatic recital of "The Vengeance" (*A Tale of Two Cities*). Indeed, Miss Brinckman scored a veritable triumph. Votes of thanks to the lecturer and chairman were moved by Mr. C. H. Worsnop and Mr. E. Green, and carried with acclamation. During the course of the evening the secretary announced the formation of a Fellowship choir.

LONGWOOD (Victoria).—A new branch has been formed in conjunction with the Melbourne Branch at the above town. The first meeting took place in July last, when Dr. Lock was elected President. Mrs. Lock and Mrs. Tubb were Vice-Presidents, and Mr. F. H. Tubb Secretary and Treasurer, and Miss Lock and Miss Smith auditors. The President gave a very interesting paper on the chief events in the life of Dickens, which was greatly enjoyed.

MAIDSTONE.—The annual general meeting was held at the Church Institute, on September 3rd. The Secretary's report for 1907-8 was read and adopted as satisfactory. The number of members has increased from 22 to 83. The balance-sheet was also adopted, showing funds in hand value £8 18s. 1d. Mr. Councillor Vaughan was re-elected President, and the committee was also re-elected, with the exception of Miss Shaugnessy

and Mr. Brownscombe, resigned. Mr. Wm. Vaughan was re-appointed hon. secretary, and at the same time elected hon. treasurer, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Robert Grant. It was unanimously agreed to make Mr. Edwin Harris, of Rochester, a presentation in recognition of his valuable services to the Branch during the past session.

TORONTO.—During the year just closing the Toronto Branch has continued its record of progress, and now holds first place. The membership has increased from 300 to over 850, the average attendance at the monthly meetings being about 500. The excellent work of the Company of Players in "The Cricket on the Hearth" crowded the hall for each of the five performances given in Toronto, while at Ottawa the Players appeared before the Governor-General of Canada and a brilliant audience. The annual banquet, on February 7th, brought out over 400 members, a large number of whom were in costume as Dickens characters. This event attracted widespread public attention, large photographic illustrations of the guests in costume having been published in the leading newspapers of Montreal and Toronto. Other outstanding features of the year's work were the "Life Portrayals from Dickens," by Wm. Sterling Battis, of Chicago, and the recital of *Dombey and Son*, by Prof. William Miles, of London, England. For the coming year, in addition to its usual activities, the Branch has undertaken a Lyceum Course of five numbers, the proceeds to be devoted to charitable work. The Fellowship Players have in preparation an adaptation of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, entitled "Little Nell," by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith. The annual meeting for the election of officers, etc., will be held early in October.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DRAMATIC SOCIETY

At the annual general meeting held on Friday, September 18th, the following alteration of rule regarding subscription was adopted :—

That the Annual Subscription to the Society be 5s., returnable in tickets to the value of 7s. 6d. for any ordinary performance the Society may give. Members may also pay 10s., returnable in tickets to the value of 17s. 6d., and so on in proportion. All subscriptions must be paid for by November 1st in order to carry with them the above privileges. Members may receive tickets at their option at one or more performances of the Society, provided the value to which their subscription entitles them is not exceeded. Extra tickets may of course be purchased at the ordinary rates. The Society guarantees to give at least one performance during the year.

It is hoped that the extra advantages now offered to members will result in a greatly increased membership.

All subscriptions should be at once remitted to the Hon. Sec.-Treasurer, Walter Dexter, 40, Ommaney Road, New Cross, S.E.

THE GLASGOW DICKENS SOCIETY

The third session will be opened on October 21st by Sir George Douglas, Bart., the well-known Scottish litterateur, who will lecture on "Dickens and Scott." Among other lecturers during the session are Miss Elizabeth P. Taylor, M.A., of Cheltenham College, and Sheriff Fyfe, both of whom should prove attractive lecturers. The former lectures on "The Heroines of Dickens," a subject which will be of interest to the lady members of the Society, while the latter has chosen for his subject, "The Lawyers of Dickens," which will no doubt receive ample justice at his hands. There is also to be a Christmas entertainment for poor children, and a birthday service in the Glasgow Cathedral conducted by the Rev. Dr. M'Adam Muir. Ladies are now eligible as members.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS.

All Things Considered. By G. K. Chesterton (containing article on *Eatanswill Gazette*). London: Methuen & Co. 5s. net.

George Cruikshank. By W. H. Chesson. London: Duckworth & Co. 2s. net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Charles Dickens and Dora." By G. H. S. *Boston (U.S.A.) Transcript*, August 22nd; *British Weekly*, September 10th.

"L'Ami des Humbles." By Jean Frollo. *Le Petit Parisien*, August 21st.

"A Talk with Charles Dickens." By Henry W. Lucy. *Cornhill Magazine*, September.

"The Dickensian." By G. K. Chesterton. *Daily News*, August 22nd.

"Caricature of Charles Dickens." By André Gill. *Illustrated London News*, September 12th.

"Law and Lawyers of Dickens." By H. Gerald Chapin. *The Law Times*, September 5th.

"Ham Manor House: The Dickens Circle." *Surrey Comet*, September 5th.

"Dickens's Children." *T.P.'s Weekly*, August 28th.

"An Interesting Dickens Exhibition." *Lady's Pictorial*, August 29th.

"Where David Copperfield was Born." Illus. *The Graphic*, August 29th.

"In Mr. Pickwick's Chair: A Visit to the Leather Bottle." By E. H. J. *Christian World*, September 3rd.

"Bleak House." *Schoolmistress*, September 3rd, 10th and 17th.

"Dickens Exhibition." *Standard*, August 24th; *Bristol Mercury*, August 24th; *Bazaar*, August 28th; *Daily Graphic*, August 19th.

"Dickens's Mr. Mopes." By Louis A. Barbe. *Glasgow Herald*, August 22nd.

"Are the Droodists all at Sea?" By W. Teignmouth Shore. *T.P.'s Weekly*, August 21st.

"The Name of Snodgrass." *Notes and Queries*, September 4th and 11th.

"The Scottish Originals of the 'Cheeryble Brothers.'" *Scottish Review*, September 10th.

"Charles Dickens." By One Who Knew Him. *Chatham News*, September 12th.

"Boz and his Portraits." By O. Sack. *Daily Graphic*, September 18th.

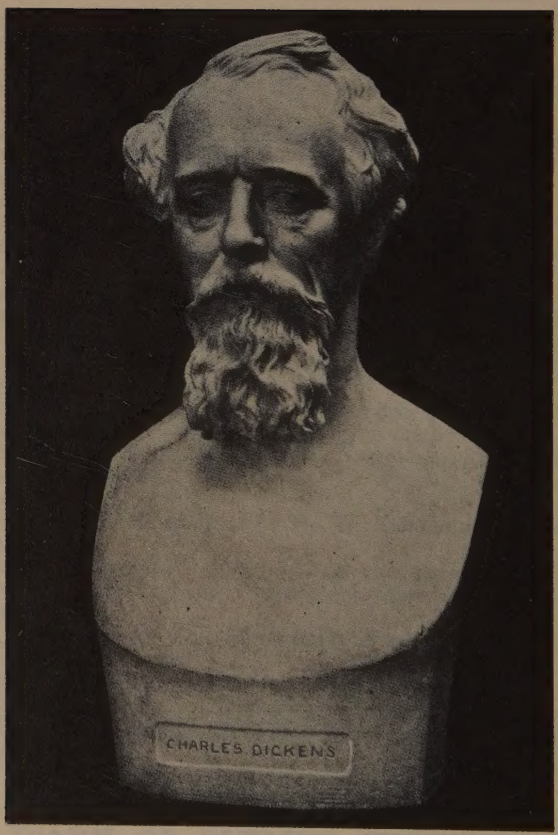
"In the Dickens Country." *Nottingham Guardian*, September 22nd.

"With Mr. Percy Fitzgerald at Lichfield." By Claudius Clear. *British Weekly*, September 24th.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

OCTOBER

2. Birmingham Branch: Members' Evening: *Martin Chuzzlewit*, at Acorn Hotel.
3. Sheffield: Annual Conference and Dinner of the Dickens Fellowship at Royal Victoria Hotel, at 2.30 and 7 respectively.
6. Liverpool Branch: Members' Social and President's Inaugural Address, at Royal Institution, at 8.
19. Brixton Branch: "Dickens as a Journalist," by Mr. B. W. Matz, at Independent Church Hall, at 8.
22. Birmingham Branch: "An Hour with Charles Dickens," by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, at Acorn Hotel.



CHARLES DICKENS. REPRODUCED FROM THE BUST BY THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A.

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